

FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED TO THE SABBATH.

RECONSIDERING THE LORD.—CONVERSION REVISITED.—THE MINISTERS' CHURCH NOT FALLING SHORT.

In the *Harvard* of this week we find an article by the Rev. Theodore L. Chyler on the recognition of Christ in the events of life. He says:

"And what blessed surprise He often gives us! For example, we are overtaken by sudden trial, that bursts on us like a night-storm. Our boat seems likely to founder. We cannot understand why the trial came, or for what purpose this tempest has struck us. As soon as we cast ourselves down in humble, penitential prayer and ask for light and help, we begin to discover a form moving toward us across the billows. We hear a voice: 'It is I, be of good cheer, be not afraid!' While we recognize our Lord through the driving clouds, we find that all this storm of trouble was not unknown to Him. He had been watching it, and permitting it, and watching as also, but for the visitation of adversity and temptation, we might not have had such a glorious revelation of our blessed Friend and Deliverer. Brethren, we can well afford to go through a great many dark hours and trying providences if they bring us fresh and precious discoveries of Him. Love can see through the dark, and cries out joyfully, 'It is my Lord!'"

We ought to write this sentence at the foot of every important event in our spiritual history. Have we had some special success in our church, or Sunday-school, or any enterprise of Christian benevolence? Instead of attributing the full draught in the net to any preaching or teaching or human agency, we ought to say at once, as John did, 'It is the Lord!' He hath done all this for us and by us. Paul never claimed for himself any credit in standing unwavering before Nero. 'The Lord stood with me and strengthened me.' Paul never boasted about the number of conversions under his preaching. 'The Lord gave the increase.'

'Jesus has many disguises, but love can discover Him beneath the disguise.' The two disciples found Him out at Emmaus, because they welcomed Him in and besought Him to 'abide with them.' Christ sometimes conceals himself behind some poor disciple's coarse clothes, or behind the couch of some sick sufferer, or up in the garret of some old bed-sickened saint. And when we find that Jesus is there, and we hear Him say, 'Inasmuch as ye do this unto one of the least of My brethren, ye do it unto Me.' If we were often to see such evidences of His love, we should often be able to exclaim, 'It is the Lord!'

'Not long hence the voyage over life's dim, unbounded sea will end. As we draw near to the shore of the better country, let us be on the look-out for the waiting Saviour on the strand. As eternity begins to dawn, and the shadows disappear, what a joyful recognition will it be to hear Him say, 'Come, ye blessed, sit here with Me, and I will say unto you, as I have said unto the twelve, that ye shall sit upon twelve of the twelve tribes of Israel.'"

There was never a more bewitching countenance than that of the Spanish adventurer who sought the fountain of perpetual youth, nor a more beautifully suggestive title than the one he gave to the land of his hope—Florida—the land of flowers; the land of blooming prophecies: for a fountain that should restore both body and mind to their early vigor and expectation would make life blissful indeed. And it is just this miracle of transformation—so far as the mind is concerned—that is wrought by the influence of Christ. He not conformed to this world, but he *is* transformed by the renewing of your mind, says Paul, and the Christian enthusiasm, and zeal, and hopefulness, that worldly men cannot comprehend, come to those who have cut loose from the material disappointments of this life and lifted their faces toward the glories that shall be revealed.

"Only when the consciousness thrills through a man's soul that it does not yet appear what he shall be, he really begins to live." Handel was forty-eight years old before those grand choruses were struck that awakened him to a knowledge of his own transcendent genius. Franklin was fifty before he fairly entered the mystic fields of philosophy that had no certain boundaries and yet the real lives of these men only began when they took the first step in those paths that led they knew not whither.

The *New York Observer*, under the heading of "A Big Blunder," has pointed out the error of the number of Presbyterian churches in New York city, and now as thirty years ago, it says:

"Several religious and more secular papers, have the following statement:

"It is a significant fact that New York city now has but twenty-six Presbyterian churches, which is just the number it had thirty years ago."

"This is called a significant fact." What it signifies it would be hard to say, but it is not the truth, nor anything like the truth. By the last report made by L. E. Jackson, Secy. of the City Mission, there are at the present time in the city of New York, 33 Presbyterian churches, and 28 Presbyterian chapels with pastors, making 61 Presbyterian congregations in regular standing, and doing appropriate church work. How many there were thirty years ago we have no means of ascertaining. Nor can we say why a statement so easily disproved as the above should find currency in and out of the city."

The various branches of the Presbyterian family in this country make up a total of 10,000 ministers, 18,000 congregations, with 1,000,000 members, giving annually \$15,000,000 or \$15 for each member, to religious purposes—a larger sum, in proportion, than is given by any other denomination in the world, so far as we are at present advised.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF TIME.

When past events are properly attached to those that precede and succeed them, fluctuations may arise in the estimation of their distance in consequence of variations in the character of the intervening spaces. In other words, our sense of distance in time is influenced by our sense of duration. According to Mr. G. J. Romanes, who has written a very interesting essay on our "Consciousness of Time," (*Mind*, July, 1879), the sense of duration depends on two conditions. Time seems long, either when it is crowded with new and exciting impressions, as on a summer tour, or when we are dwelling on the fact of its passing, and so are particularly conscious of it, as in waiting for a train. It seems short when it is comparatively empty of exciting experiences, provided the mind does not dwell on its passage. Thus, it appears comparatively short when we are busily employed about our ordinary avocations. Hence, it happens that events just preceding a time of unusual excitement and novel experiences look further off than events separated by the same interval of comparatively quiet impression. Last Sunday's sermon seems much further away after a week in Switzerland than after a week of customary experience at home. Not only does an event appear to take up different distances to come separated from the present by seemingly unequal intervals; the very fact that the one interval has been filled with exciting impressions, the other with comparatively quiet ones, serves to give the mental image of the event a different degree of vividness and distinctness in the two cases. Our mental development is not only a process of retention of the old, it is a process of displacement of the old by the new. The more interesting or the more exciting the new, the more rapidly does the old tend to disappear. Hence the apparent extension of a recollection by superimposing experiences of unusual impressiveness. Even dream-consciousness seems capable of effecting this result, for the incidents of the preceding evening often appear to be dimmed and thrust further away after a night of exciting dreams. To young children events a year old look much further off than to adults, and because the interval full of novel impressions from its young world, appears to swell out, and become the very impressiveness and fascination of those experiences tend to obscure the earlier ones and to banish them further from the present.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

A MINE DISCOVERER.

A number of old residents of Denver remember a venerable Scotch mountaineer by the name of McDonald, who came to the city three or four times during the year, with a small donkey, carrying his personal effects and several buckskin bags well filled with gold dust. On such occasions he would deposit in some of the banks not less than \$15,000 to \$18,000. McDonald was a very social and talkative old fellow, but never would reveal the place where he got his gold. Several men undertook to follow him secretly to learn where he was going, but all came back without knowing any more than when they started. For McDonald each time contrived to throw them off the trail, and the men reported that they invariably lost all traces of him near the White River, after following him through the Ute Pass, as far as the Middle Park. Whenever McDonald came to Denver he would stop with a Frenchman named Baptiste and the two were great friends. One day the Scotchman disappeared on one of his sudden trips to the mountains, which he took so much pains to keep secret, and it was noticed that Baptiste had gone too. But they had not departed in company, and hence it was surmised that the Frenchman had followed McDonald with a view of spying upon the movements of the old man and ascertaining from what secret mine in the mountains he drew his wealth. The Scotchman never returned, and though eight years have since passed away, none of his Denver friends ever learned what had become of him. About two years ago the gentleman to whom the *Republican* is indebted for the above particulars met Baptiste on the street. He found him a morose and sullen man, and when asked what had become of his old Scotch friend, gruffly answered that he did not know, and turned away. The recent marvelous reports from North Park, taken in connection with the above facts, form stronger ground for the belief that McDonald passed through the Ute Pass, through Middle Park and into the North Park, and years ago discovered the rich deposits, the existence of which is only now beginning to be suspected.—*Denver Republican*.

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

A peasant, being rather tipsy, staggered up against the Princess Bismarck, and the Chancellor gave him a push out of the way. The state of the man was such that he really fell, but, quickly picking himself up, he again approached and begged pardon of the Princess in such polite and humble terms before rapidly disappearing, that the latter heartily regretted having treated the offender so roughly. "These fellows," said Bismarck to his wife, "have incredible good nature, and now I feel that I should almost like to beg pardon of him myself."

Nearly all society is made up of two classes, the bitter and the bitten; therefore, he who holds the reins of government is the best off, being farthest from the bit.

Life should be a continued effort to banish our prejudices and extinguish our vices.

The chief companion of pride is ignorance. Our pride feeds itself by dwelling upon the possession of some ornament which we believe to be extraordinarily brilliant. But did we see the precious jewels which adorn many others, we should learn to wear ours, and we would set ourselves to increase our store of grace.

There is nothing so imprudent as excessive pride.

Sunbeams.

Met by clients—The church choir.

In time—four letters—*Steuvenville Herald*.

A kid-napping case—a cradle—*Marathon Independent*.

What does the pupil of the eye study?—*Waterloo Observer*.

The motto of the hen is to eggshell—*Waterloo Observer*.

All the citizens of the Hub think their city is the loomtown.

An old theatre goes—Red paint—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Cool is one of the things that are made in vain—*Toronto Grip*.

There is more fashion in the city, but more stiles in the country.

Runaway pigs were the first American pen-shumers—*Quincy Modern Argosy*.

System is twin sister to success—*N. Y. Times*. And spontaneity is her godmother—*Washington Republican*.

It is strange, but true, that some can eat better when they have a bit in their month—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbance as do the freckles on the daughter—*Ed. L. Torville*.

If the mountains had any way of expressing themselves, you would probably hear Pike's Peak—*Kokuk Gate City*.

Commodians—Why do men feel so much more like footing the bill collector than in footing the bill itself?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A Boston artist is credited with having painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped down on it.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry hoarsey."

They have a race-horse out West called "Chicago Girl." Of course the horse-shoe has a double rate price for shoeing it—*Beverly Journal*.

When the man dropped his voice did he break it?—*Salem Sunbeam*. Yes, didn't you ever hear of a man with a cracked voice?—*Steuvenville Herald*.

A Frenchman who attended a fox-hunt was asked where the meet came off. He replied that he had never heard of it, and he was sure it came off his hands and knees.

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," said Mrs. Farrington. "It seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentinel to be relieved of his watch."

A St. Louis rich man drew up a will which was so pathetically worded that it moved all his relatives to tears. It left all his property to an orphan asylum.—*Boston Post*.

"Silence is golden." Aunt—"Has any one been at these parties?" (Dead silence.) "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" "Jimmy—Pa never 'lowed me to talk at dinner."

There are two kinds of oranges grown in this country: one is the kind that is good to eat, and the other is the kind that is sold on the railroad trains.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

It is a real letter day for a man when his wife goes on a pleasure expedition into his coat pocket, and fishes up a note written in a strange feminine hand.—*Kokuk Gate City*.

A Kansas boy earned a nice little by committing three hundred verses to memory, but he traded his Bible for a shot gun, and he has since perpetrated his last big—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A little girl in one of our public schools the other day had occasion to parse the word "angel." Coming to the gender she stopped dismayed, and asked her teacher if "there are any men angels."

"Pudding suppers" is the latest agency for raising church money East. This is putting the question in a new shape.—*Quincy Modern Argosy*. Now, now, don't make too much stir about it.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A primer: We saw a boy. He was not a big dog. He did "sick" a small dog on a big dog. The boy was not bit. Was the small dog bit? He was chewed. The small boy should have been chewed, but he was not.—*Sibley Index*.

Sunday School scholars to the teacher—Did you say that the hair of my head was all numbered? Teacher—Yes, my dear. S. S. scholars—Well, then, pulling out a hair and presenting it—What's the number of that one?—*Toronto Grip*.

Italy has a standing army of over 3,000,000 soldiers, and about 3,500,000 organ-grinders, three-fifths of whom are residents of the United States, and two-thirds of that number reside in Burlington, Eighth street being their favorite haunt.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Nothing is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations, and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a triumphant and satisfied smile, hop right off at his own store.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

Eve was the first woman who ever went through life without going to the post-office. *Record*. The reason being that Adam wouldn't letter.—*Free Press*. Eve had no necessity to go to the post-office; the male came to her.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. Then she never had the pleasure of buying a three-cent stamp with a twenty dollar bill.—*Bloomington Light*.

We would like to see the mark that the tree took.—*Salem Sunbeam*. "Would like to see them ask," would you? There's grammar for you! Now please pay the treat owed us so long.—*Ottawa Republican*. We owe you no treat. It is perfectly grammatical. Couldn't we be speaking of the first shipment of animals and say "we would like to see them ask the tree load?"—*Salem Sunbeam*.

SCAMPED PLUMBERS' WORK.

A plan has been hit upon by which some scamped plumbers' work may be detected.

The agent is simple and cheap, being "nothing but oil of peppermint." In Boston, when they suspect the sewer-gas is coming through bad joints, the Board of Health inspectors is sent for. He goes to the neighborhood in the upper part of the house, and drops in a few spots of peppermint, then runs on enough water to wash the sewer-smelling spirit down the pipe, and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. He then permeates the house with the noxious uplifted, and if he suddenly meets the odor of peppermint, he knows that gas from the sewer escapes somewhere near. An investigation is made, and a cracked pipe, open joint, or defective trap, is found. This is a plan which anybody can try who is suspicious of his drains.

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